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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WAS HISTORIC OLD BUILDING

Mint at Philadelphia Was the First Building Erected by Authority of Congress.

In removing the foundations of the cologne building of the old mint, at Nos. 37 and 39 North Seventh street, some quaint specimens of oldtime building construction, including several curious vaults, were uncovered. The cellar in which the vaults were located was reached by heavy stone steps, supported by brick or stone arches, a method handed down from medieval times. One of the vaults in which bullion was stored consisted of a vault within a vault, and was designed, it is said, at the time of the war of 1812 to conceal materials which could not be readily transported to other hiding places. Several small windows in the cellar were protected by heavy hand-wrought iron bars. These have been preserved, and will be added, along with other relics, such as locks and hinges, to the collection in independence hall. In digging out an old well in the yard a number of copper coins, bearing the dates 1816 and 1818, were found, as well as a quantity of scrap copper from which the coins had been cut. From old papers relating to a lawsuit, found by Frank H. Stewart, president of the company which owns the property, it was ascertained that five buildings were originally included in the old mint, all of them grouped around the cologne building. It is an historic fact that this old structure, which was the last of these buildings to be razed, was the first building of any description erected by authority of the United States congress.—Philadelphia Record.

CLOCKS AFFECTED BY COLD

Change in Weather Causes Oil in Bearings to Get Gummy and Hard.

Two or three times in the course of a month this man's clock had stopped with no apparent reason, for when he swung the pendulum it would start off again and run all right. But it also now began to display another eccentricity; occasionally it would strike once about 15 minutes before the hour and then strike the rest of the strokes for that hour at the regular time. So he thought he had better take it to the clockmaker.

There on a shelf behind the counter he saw ranged along a dozen or more clocks of almost as many styles. "All patients," said the clockmaker, "and most of them with slight ailments like yours. We always have many clocks brought in with colds. They run along all right, but when nasty weather comes the oil on the bearings gets hard and gummy and then the clock is liable to stop. It needs cleaning and reoiling."

"It is always so; we have more clocks brought in to us when the weather is bad than at any other season."

Wanted—Cheap Corks.

If any ingenious person can invent a substitute for corks in champagne bottles he may be sure of a very comfortable fortune, for champagne corks are expensive, a really good cork costing as high as ten cents.

The reason for this high cost is principally the length of time that must elapse before a cork grower can realize on his investment. Champagne corks are made only from the finest Catalonia corkwood. After the tree is planted 30 years must elapse before it is ready for the first stripping, but this bark is too coarse for champagne corks, as is the second bark, taken off eight years later. Another eight years must pass before a champagne cork crop is gathered, making in all 46 years that the grower must wait before he can get any material return from his trees.

Furthermore, champagne corks are cut by hand and not by machinery, as are less expensive corks, as they must be perfect in size and shape, or else the quality of the wine will suffer.—Harper's Weekly.

SALESMEN WANTED

In every town in the South and West, for our COPYING AND ENLARGING HOUSE. Any size Penny Picture, Post Card, Cabinet, or Life Size PHOTOGRAPH made to Order, in any quantities, direct from copies to be sent to us by our "BOWLES NEW PHOTO & ENGRAVING LAMP. All work guaranteed. Address with stamp for full particulars to LES PHOTO & ENGRAVING LAMP CO.

PREFERRED LOCALS

ee J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

\$50,000

To loan on first-class real estate security. The T.S. KNIGHT & CO.

House For Rent.

Cottage of 6 rooms at 28 West 17th street, newly painted and in good condition. Less than one square from Main street.

Apply to CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

For Sale or Rent.

House and stall room attached, garden, stable and big vacant lot on Durrett's avenue.

B. D. MOORE.

Hopkinsville, Ky., R. F. D. No. 3

FOR RENT—Five-room cottage with hall, good garden and stable.

M. F. CRENSHAW.

FOR RENT—Residence now occupied by Prof. B. Hamlett; possession given Jan. 1st. Apply to T. I. Metcalfe.

FOR RENT—Three up-stairs rooms on corner next to Ideal Motor Car Co. Apply to T. L. Metcalfe.

New Feed Store.

I have opened a feed store in connection with my grocery and will run two delivery wagons which will enable me to make prompt delivery of groceries and feed.

W. P. QUALLS.

MONEY TO LOAN.

5 per cent money to loan on good Christian County land, on 5 years time and longer.

J. B. ALLENSWORTH, Atty.

Hopkinsville, Ky.
Office 266-2
Res. 742
Cumb. Phone
Nov. 11th.

T. S. Knight & Co.

Real Estate Loans and Insurance. Office south side Court Square.

TO FARMERS:

We pay \$3.00 per ton for good, dry TOBACCO STALKS delivered in BUNDLES at our coal-yard in Hopkinsville.

WOOLDRIDGE & CO.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

Practically Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The great Presidential campaign will soon begin and you will want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Memory Training for Witnesses.

It has been suggested that it would be a good plan for courts to enforce a loss of memory cure upon a large number of the witnesses who make their appearance in some of the big cases. Perhaps the correspondence schools

Wins Fight For Life.

It was a long and bloody battle for life that was waged by James B. Mereson, of Newark, N. J., of which he writes: "I had lost much blood from lung hemorrhages, and was very weak and rundown. For eight months I was unable to work. Death seemed close on my heels when I began, three weeks ago, to use Dr. King's New Discovery. But it has helped me greatly. It is doing all that you claim." For weak, sore lungs, obstinate coughs, stubborn colds, hoarseness, la grippe, asthma, hay-fever, or any throat or lung trouble its supreme. 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

Brother Dickey Explains.

"I got no sermon to preach today," said Brother Dickey. "The last time I put my presence in the pulpit I preached a sermon that was so powerful hit some six sisters off in a trance, and they ain't come to not yet, causin' de law ter git after me, hase dey ain't conscious enough ter rise up an' make a livin' fer dey husbands. Tongues er fire come down on me at dat time 'um de glory-an', an' now some er you is oncharitable enough ter say dat de fire order scorched me ter a frazzle! Dis is no time fer a powerful preacher lak me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Barred From House of Commons.

An Irish peer was expelled for directing a lottery, while for organizing a "Charitable Association" of shady habits Sir Robert Sutton and two others were shut out in 1730. Steele of the Tatler was prohibited the house for "maliciously insinuating that the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover is in danger under her majesty's administration." But perhaps the oddest reason for closing the doors of the house of commons upon a man is to be found in the case of Mr. Agill, whose sin was that of writing a treatise "On the Possibility of Avoiding Death."—London Chronicle.

A Charming Woman

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it's hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. 50c at All Druggists.

Judge's Severe Comment.

Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, once had before him a man charged with having killed another man with a sand-bag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, but a verdict of "Not Guilty" was promptly brought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jurymen; they deserve it."

Work Will Soon Start

after you take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and you'll quickly enjoy their fine results. Constipation and indigestion vanish and fine appetite returns. They regulate stomach, liver and bowels and impart new strength and energy to the whole system. Try them. Only 25c at All Druggists.

HER TERRIBLE DREAM.

Her face is drawn, her eyes are haggard and sunken, and her expression is that of a woman on the verge of nervous prostration.

"What in the world is wrong?" asks the astonished friend. "I never saw anyone look so terribly."

"It is all because of an awful nightmare I had last night," explains the sufferer. "It simply shattered my nerves, and, although I know it was merely a dream, still I cannot rid myself of its effects; I dreamed I was called upon unexpectedly to play a dinner for Dr. Wiley, Dr. Woods Hutchinson and Upton Sinclair."—Life.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Burken's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. It's the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for Burns, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, etc.

GREAT ROW OVER BEAN SOUP

Put on Menu of Banquet to Visiting President, It Was Denounced as Plebeian.

Denver has been stirred to its depths by the disturbance over the menu for the president at a banquet. Seven hundred citizens have put up their dollars and taken their dress suits out of storage. As incense rises from mothballs and tar paper, the clangor of controversy fills the air. As the banquet is to be held at night, the arbiter elegantiarum is not called upon to decide whether full dress suits shall be worn in the daytime. Discussion rages around the soup. The rest of the menu is settled. So far as we can learn, it includes celery, cigarettes, olive oil, cigars, cake, "mile-high" cocktails, oysters, ice cream, lettuce salad, mashed potatoes, vegetables, cheese, radishes, nuts, broiled squab, beefsteak, crackers and champagne. So far so good. But when the husky, hearty mountaineers proposed to serve bean soup certain molluscoides who had crept into the committee objected on the ground that it was distinctly plebeian. That is considered a terrible accusation in Denver, where recherche is an insult and creme de menthe a crime. "Bean soup is good enough for any man," spoke up the natives, "and no one who turns up his nose at it is fit to be the president of the plain people." At first, we gather from the confused accounts, the tenderloins insisted upon consomme royale aux petit pois, but at last agreed to compromise on cream of tomato.

Do they contend that the tomato is more aristocratic than the bean? It is an insult to Boston, a blow at Beverly. Look at Massachusetts—there she stands, with a president on the one hand and a pot of beans on the other. If this be plebeian, make the most of it!—Baltimore Sun.

SHE HUSHED KING EDWARD

How Alice Nielsen Reproved His Majesty for Speaking While She Was Singing.

One evening the duchess of Manchester entertained in honor of the late King Edward. Miss Alice Nielsen, the American opera singer, was present and sang. Among others there was a request for Tosti's "Goodbye to Summer," then in the first flush of its great popularity.

With the composer at the piano, the first stanza went with no strange or unusual occurrence, but while Tosti was playing the soft interlude to the second stanza, the king turned to one of his party with some remark, and his sonorous bass sounded out sharply through the room against the soft harp-like chords of the piano.

With exquisite daring, Miss Nielsen looked straight at his majesty and began the line: "Hush—then an ominous pause—" 'tis a voice!" By this time the royal listener was all attention and looking straight into a pair of eyes dancing with ill-suppressed merriment. There was a moment of suspense, when the king saved the joke by starting the laugh in which the company joined. The royal guest took his gentle reprimand with true gallantry.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Spencer and Free Libraries.

Ruskin's dislike for public libraries was shared to the full by Herbert Spencer. When the trustees of the British Library of Political Science asked Spencer to present his works to the library, he replied: "From time to time I have had various applications akin to the one you make, and have in all cases declined compliance. I disapprove of free libraries altogether, the British museum included, believing that in the long run they are mischievous rather than beneficial; as we see clearly in the case of local and municipal free libraries which, instead of being places for study, have become places for reading trashy novels, worthless papers, and learning the odds. I no more approve of free libraries than I approve of free bakeries."

Interesting Point.

At a spiritualistic meeting in Wichita the spirit of Elijah Cresser was called for. Elijah Cresser had died there many years before, but was remembered for his immense stature, six feet five inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah. "Are you in heaven?" asked an old-timer. "Yes," came the answer. "Are you an angel, like?" "Yes." The questioner paused, evidently having exhausted his fund of questions, and then suddenly inquired: "What do you measure from tip to tip, like?"

Professional Chaperons.

In a girls' finishing school in New York they have professional chaperons who do nothing but take young women out, walk them around and fetch them back again. They take their charges to trains and meet them at trains. They are paid, not by the week or month, but by the job, so much an assignment. And the curious thing about it is that they are bonded. They are actually bonded. The girls themselves have never been able to find out why they should be bonded.

So Sudden!

Bleecker—Daisy Headliner has promised to give me my answer to-night. She—Baxter—(showing evening paper)—The press agent and the reporters have got ahead of you, old top; it's

PEST VICTIMS LIE THERE

Grave of Five Who Died of Smallpox in 1811 Found in Bellerica, Mass.

Closely adjoining the site of the Boston & Maine car shops in Bellerica, the surveyors discovered a gravestone marking the spot where 100 years ago five persons, victims of smallpox, were buried.

The stone is still in good condition, although mossy with age. The foot stone as well as the headstone is solid, giving evidence of careful work on the part of the ones who placed it there.

The grave was evidently chosen a century ago as a secluded spot, and when found trees, underbrush and shrubbery nearly hid it from sight.

The words on this headstone are: Erected in memory of and to designate the place where Asa Grosz, Jr., Levi Frost, Eleanor Farmer, Sarah Hodgman and Samuel Batchelder were buried, who died of smallpox, August, 1811.

At first the Boston & Maine considered getting the consent of the state to remove the stone and the dust of the bodies, but it has been decided to let the grave remain where it is.

So these five persons will rest where they are and their bed of the last century will not be disturbed. No relative of the ones buried seem at all concerned about the grave and it is doubtful if any descendants of them are living in Bellerica or Lowell at the present time.

SOME ODDITIES IN SIGNS

They Do Not Mean Just What They Say, but Certainly Attract Attention.

"Teeth extracted while you wait," is the rather superfluous announcement of a dentist; while another advertiser appeals to ladies in this seductive manner: "Ladies having old feathers can be re-dyed and made equal to new." Equally open to misconstruction are the following notices: "All gloves in this window 50c per pair. These won't last long at the price." "Dine here once, and you'll never dine anywhere else;" and "A competent person wanted to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

Perhaps the best of these ambiguous advertisements is that of a Japanese laundry, which runs thus: "Contrary to our opposite company, we will most cleanly and carefully cheap prices as follows: Ladies, \$2 per 100; gentlemen, \$1.50 per 100."

After these one reads without a shock such notices as the following: "Under a pair of hob-nailed boots—'Unwearable, \$3; in the window of a small store in Portland—'New milk,' and on a card immediately underneath—'our own make.'"

Izaak Walton.

The customer had waited fifteen minutes for the fish he had ordered. He was very quiet as he sat there, but internally there was a seething.

At the end of the sixteenth minute the waiter, who had been in total eclipse for fifteen minutes and a half, bustled up.

"That fish will be here, sir, in five minutes."

Five minutes elapsed three times.

Then the waiter bustled up again.

"The fish will be here, sir, in a minute."

The customer turned to him.

"Tell me," he said quietly, but with a certain emphasis, "what bait are you using?"

Masterpiece of Advertising.

A physician of Montpellier, France, was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with beat of drum, a reward of 25 louis to whomsoever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow? He must be very rich, for he offers 25 louis for finding his dog." The dog was not found, but patients were.

Slow Progress.

A friend met a youthful and lazy author on the street.

"How is your novel getting along?" he asked.

"Oh, I've begun it," answered the author proudly. The two did not meet again for several weeks. At the next encounter, the friend again asked:

"Well, how's your novel?"

The author paused a moment.

"Let me see," he said, "where did I tell you I was in it when I saw you the last time?"

"You said you'd begun it," answered the friend.

"Well—I've still begun it," confessed the author, guiltily.

Goods and Goods.

At the approach of the angel with the flaming sword Adam bent upon Eve a glance of profound consternation.

"We are caught," he exclaimed, "with the goods on!"

"Not dry goods, at all events!" giggled the first mother, nervously, as with a consciousness that it was too late for a bon mot, however clever, to save the situation.—Pack.

WHY SHE CHANGED HER MIND

Where Wifely Ignorance Is Husbandly Bliss 'Twere Folly to Put Her Wise.

Mrs. Blithers had not always found herself in an approving mood in respect to the so-called sports of the sterner sex, and her opinions concerning golfers who spend Sunday on the links, or sportsmen who shoot pigeons, were so very decided that Blithers invariably looked around for cotton to stuff in his ears when she began to deliver them. One day, when the good lady suggested the idea of his taking her to a horse race some time, the notion that she could bring herself to approve of such a diversion had never occurred to Blithers, and he gazed at her in simple amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you approve of horse-racing?" he demanded.

"Well, I didn't use to," Mrs. Blithers replied, "but now that I am coming to know more about it I think I do. I've been taking the trouble to read about the races that are allowed to be run latterly, and I have made up my mind that there's more good in those race-track men than we've given them credit for."

"Well, well, well!" laughed Blithers. "Wonder of wonders! What has brought about this remarkable change?"

"Well, I've discovered how kind those men are to their horses," said Mrs. Blithers. "I noticed last week that every time a horse wasn't feeling well enough to run, his owner, instead of going out and beating him with a whip, has in every case gone out and scratched the poor animal!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

SHE WAS DESPERATE WOMAN

Indignation and Anger Allied With Keen Despondency in Tragedy of Separation.

Her locks were in wild disorder. Her face was flushed, and her eyes flashing. She clenched and unclenched her fingers in an agony of despair. Unless her looks belied her, she was a deeply-injured and desperate woman. Her indignation and anger were allied with keen despondency.

"Cruel one—oh, cruel one!" she cried, in anguished tones. "I have borne with you too long! You have injured me; you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up!"

"When first we met, how your case and polish attracted me!" she continued. "When you became my very own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul! You have ruined my standing in society? If we had never met I might have walked in peace! So now begone! We part forever!"

There came a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth, and a sharp sigh. It was all over. The tragedy was ended. By an almost superhuman effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

Wild Silk Worms.

The world is indebted to the Chinese for the discovery of the virtues of the silk worm. Its product was unknown in Rome until the time of Julius Caesar, and so costly was the material that even the Emperor Aurelian refused a dress of this lustrous fabric to his empress. Now it is nurtured in almost every country, and its products are within the reach of all.

Besides the several domesticated species there is a wild silk worm found in Central America, which weaves a baglike structure two feet in depth, that hangs from the trees. At a distance the nest resembles a huge matted cobweb. The insect makes no cocoon, but weaves the silk in layers and skeins around the inside of the nest. From Tegucigalpa there were sent to England some years ago six pounds of this silk. There it was made into handkerchiefs not easily detected from common silk of equal strength and delicate texture.

There is a curious silk-producing spider in Central America, the aranea de seda, which may be seen hurrying along with a load of fine silk on its back, from which trail numerous delicate filaments.—Harper's Weekly.

Bucking Horses.

A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start, says the American Magazine, in an article on our western horses. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men. He pops down his head and levitates straight heavenward. While he and you are high in the air he arches his back and stiffens his body to iron rigidity. Thus he comes back to earth. The sensation to the rider is as if his spinal column had been struck by a mallet. The impression is not analyzed at the time, for the horse goes into the air again immediately. He swings to right or left, or "changes ends" completely while he is air, and you come down facing southward, whereas you were facing northward when you ascended.

An Injunction Wanted.

"Do you favor limiting the powers of the courts?"

"Just now," replied the statesman, "I'm in favor of extending them."

"What I want is some way to get an injunction that'll prevent publication from putting all the funny stories in print before I get a chance to tell 'em."